

## Of Interest to Women.

## WHAT RASCOM WANTED.

BY JAMES H. WOODFORD.

(Copyright, 1904, by M. Wood.)  
 "ORD love you, mother," said Hiram Peters, "that chap's all right, even if his clothes are dirty. You kin see he ain't a tramp."

"That's all right," retorted his betters, "but I don't like the looks of him. He wouldn't eat a decent, warm meal, but insisted on sitting on the porch and eating bread and milk. That bowl he's got belonged to Gran'ma Basset's father." declared Peters, "he don't want your bowl, and I don't blame him. I want to stay outside a nice day like this. I'll bet he's got money, and a lot of it."

Meanwhile the unconscious subject of her suspicions was placidly sitting on the back porch, a pitcher of milk at one hand and a loaf of bread on the other, while in his lap reposed the famous blue bowl, which was being rapidly depleted of its contents. Could he have heard Mrs. Peters he might have reassured her, but his thoughts were not of those within the house, but of the glorious scene without.

Across a short level space the ground rapidly away to the shores of Lake Uvumma, while on the other side were the falls of the Osewammie river, a sheer drop of sixty feet into the lake. It had been his first real day in the country since he had left home fifteen years before, at the death of his parents, to seek fortune in the great city. He was a millionaire now, but his money had been gained at the expense of pleasure. He began to realize all that he had lost.

He felt as though time had gone back for a space and he was sitting on the porch of his old home, waiting for Ruth Nesbitt to pass on her way to the meadows, where the Nesbitts and

Rascom cows enjoyed common pasture. He wondered where Ruth was now. There had been a fearful farewell the night before he had left home, and he had promised to return soon and marry her. He had written regularly at first, but there had been no response and he had stopped. Other and more important matters, as he thought, absorbed him. When he had time to write to friends and make inquiries, he had been told that Ruth had gone away. Jacob Springer, the postmaster, had been sent to prison for stealing stamps, registered letters, etc. Springer had always been Rascom's rival, even in school days. Doubtless he had intercepted the lovers' correspondence, and now Rascom bitterly regretted that he had become so absorbed in speculation that he had neglected to write back to make a personal investigation.

Then a strange thing happened. Over the brow of the hill came Ruth Nesbitt. She was older and more mature, but even before he could distinguish her features he knew it was Ruth. He rubbed his eyes, thinking that the dreams of other days might have evolved this ideal of the past. But on she came, advancing slowly. He rose and went to meet her. There was a low fence at the foot of the homely garden and there she paused as he came up.

"It is very good to see you," she said simply, as he came up. "How did you ever happen to come?"

"I was walking," he said vaguely, "and the people inside gave me some bread and milk." He was conscious of a sense of disappointment. The greeting was so commonplace.

Her glance fell upon his soiled clothes. The roads had been muddy and several passing wagons had splashed him until he was stained from head to

foot, and his cravat was white with dust. He did not realize what a change the tramping had made in his appearance.

"How did you find that I was living here?" she asked with a curious softness in her voice.

"I didn't know," he confessed frankly. "I tried long ago to find you again, after I had learned about Springer."

"What about Springer?" she asked.

"Didn't you hear?" he demanded. "Didn't you know that he probably intercepted our letters? He is in the penitentiary now."

"Then you did write? I am glad of that!" she said slowly. "I thought that when you got to the city that you had forgotten your country friends."

"Forgotten?" he shouted. "There has not been a day in the past ten years that I haven't bitterly regretted that I accepted so calmly what I thought at first was my rejection."

"Then you, too, lacked faith?" she suggested.

"I, too," he agreed, "for a little while. But I have always loved you. I have never married."

"Neither have I," she said softly, while a flush crept slowly over her cheek.

"But you will?" he demanded eagerly. "Right now."

NOTHER was added to the list of delightful afternoon teas, when Mrs. Samuel F. Fenton yesterday threw open her house from 4 to 6 o'clock for the entertainment of her friends. Receiving with the hostess was Mrs. Heber M. Wells, and assisting in entertaining were Mrs. Frederick D. Blackford, Mrs. J. L. Franken, Mrs. Isaac Jennings, Mrs. E. A. Tripp and Mrs. Orson Howard. Mrs. Alma Katz poured coffee, Miss Louise Jennings served punch and the Misses June Howard and Gwendolyn Tripp assisted in the dining-room. Little Marion Jennings greeted the guests at the door. June's loveliest roses were used in the decoration of the home, the dining-room being most inviting, done entirely in white and green. The chandelier, with its bell-shaped globe, was festooned with smilax, a large bow of white ribbon forming the chaper and making the chandelier look very like a wedding veil. This hung directly over the polished table, which was covered with a rare center-piece and daisies of Battenberg, with a high mound of white roses reaching well up toward the bell.

A single crystal candlestick, with candles of green, stood at the corner of the table, with green ribbons tied with white ribbons still further carrying out the color idea. A mass of green ornamented the shield, on which were a pair of deep red roses. The scene lay banked the mantel and a large vase of them stood on a table in the low window. Punch was served on the south porch, where a mass of palms made an effective background for the table, which was prettily decorated in red and white. Indian blankets and rugs were thrown about and the guests found a pleasant resting place here. Roses shading from deep red to pink were seen in the parlor, bowls of them standing on mantel and piano, and several pardinieres filling the box window. Two art lamps with rich shades cast a pretty light over the parlor. The musicians sat in the hall, where the decorations were also in red and white. About 20 guests called during the hours of the tea, which were from 4 to 6 o'clock.

This bit of gossip from the New York Press will be read with interest by society people of Salt Lake, as well as Colorado, where Mrs. Newhouse formerly lived. "Mrs. Samuel Newhouse of Colorado is a dazzling Londoner. She had the finest string of pearls ever sold in America. They were displayed at the Pan-American exhibition and were sold for \$150,000. The single strand has thirty gems. One night at the opera in London Mrs. Newhouse, who was with the beautiful Mrs. Chauveau, wore a gown of white and gold. The skirt and bodice were embroidered thickly in a gold scroll design. Nothing more impressive could have been devised, and the little woman from the West enjoyed the flutter her gold trappings and costly jewels caused."

Mrs. Jay Tarvin Harris's many friends will regret to learn that she is quite ill at her home, suffering from nervous prostration.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Le Grand Young and Miss Yand for a luncheon tomorrow in honor of Mrs. Harold Russell.

Seldom has there been a prettier church wedding in this city than that of Miss Grace Heikes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Heikes of this city, and Wilbur Anness of Palmyra, Neb., solemnized last evening at half past 8 o'clock at the First Presbyterian church. The large auditorium, which was filled with friends, was artistically decorated, green and white being carried out in the decorations here, as well as at the home, where a reception followed the service at the church. Just within the entrance to the main auditorium was an arch of smilax and plumosa, dotted with white roses and carnations. Directly above the pulpit was a canopy of smilax and plumosa, this also dotted with white roses and carnations, while seemingly a garden of palms formed a background for the altar. A large bowl of roses, carnations and peonies adding to the effectiveness. As the bride party entered the church the "Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin was played by Mr. Anderson, this following a very pleasing musical programme rendered before the arrival of the bride and her attendants. The party passed down the center aisle to the pulpit, where they were met by the groom and his best man, Alex. Eberhardt and Rev. Benjamin Young, who performed the ceremony. First came the four bridesmaids, and two, Mr. Charles Peak, Claire Rivers, William Druell and V. P. Hickey. They were followed by the little bridesmaids, Ruth Robinson and Lorraine Brown, very fairly like in their dainty gowns of white organdie. Next came the bridesmaid, Edna, who was wearing a gown of white organdie. Following along were Bessie Williamson and Miss Ethel Lane, each gowning in white organdie over tulle and carrying a showy bouquet of white carnations and roses. Virgil P. Hickey, the matron of honor, followed the bridesmaids. Her gown was also of white organdie over tulle, and her flowers were white carnations tied with green tulle. The bridesmaid and the matron of honor, Mrs. Donald Mayne, the ring-bearer, walked immediately in front of the bride, who came last, leaning upon the arm of her father. The bride's gown was a beautiful one of broad silk, made of tulle over tulle, the bodice elaborately trimmed with applique. A long veil of tulle, fastened to the hair with a sunburst of pearls, the gift of the groom, and a shower bouquet of bride's roses, completed the costume. At the pulpit the members of the bridal party separated, forming a semi-circle around the bride and groom. As the last words of the marriage service were read, the wedding march by Mendelssohn played forth from the organ, the bride party left the church and were driven immediately to the home of the bride's parents on West

"This very moment?" she asked, half playfully, half pathetically.

"As soon as we can find a minister," he declared masterfully. "Is there one near here?"

"There is one right down the road," she answered, with a slight hesitation in her tone, but happiness in her eyes. Rascom vaulted the garden fence and hand in hand they went down the road. Thirty minutes later the words had been spoken which made them one at last. It had all come about so suddenly that neither seemed to realize that they were doing anything out of the ordinary.

Rascom kissed the bride and thrust a ball into the hands of the white-haired old minister, who stared at the three figures in silent amazement. Ruth gasped as her gaze followed that of the minister.

"Oh, John! I didn't dream—" For the first time Rascom realized how deceptive his appearance was, and he stopped her with a kiss.

"My dear!" he asked, "did you think I was a tramp?"

"Well, you didn't look very prosperous," she reminded him, "but you were John to me, and I'd have married you had you been a beggar. I have made a little money teaching, and I knew I had enough for two."

"I think," he laughed, as he shook the hand of the still astonished minister, "that I have more than enough for two."

Then they went back to the Peters farm.

"I hope," said Mrs. Peters, tartly, from the doorway, "that you have my blue bowl. It belonged to Gran'ma Basset's father. I told pa you was going to carry it off."

"The bowl must be down by the garden gate," smiled Rascom, "what I want to carry away is Ruth."



First South street, where a large reception was held.

From 9 to 11 o'clock the home was thronged with friends and the bride and groom were showered with congratulations and good wishes. Except in the dining-room, the decorations of the home were all in green and white, carried out with palms, smilax, roses and carnations. The receiving party stood beneath a pretty canopy of smilax, studded with roses and carnations. Assisting in the dining-room, where the decorations were all in deep red roses, were Miss Banker, Miss Elmhurst, Miss Mary Mayne and Miss Mary Moorhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Anness leave Friday for a visit to the World's fair and a trip to New Orleans. They will be at home after September 1, at Palmyra, Neb.

Very enjoyable was the '63 party given yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. S. Young, when Mrs. Walter D. Nebeker, Mrs. A. L. Haymond and Mrs. Claude W. Gates entertained forty of their friends. Quantities of pink roses were used in the decorations, mounds of them banking the mantel and tall vases and low bowls being placed all about the rooms. The table cards were very pretty indeed, being studies by Paul de Longpre in pink roses, the score cards also being decorated with pink roses. Assisting in entertaining the guests and in giving refreshments were Mrs. George H. Taylor, Miss Annie Taylor, Miss Georgia Young, Miss Ella Harrison and Miss La Von Haymond. The prizes were won by Mrs. John Currie and Mrs. Lawrence Young.

Miss Althea Wheeler was hostess and Mrs. Alice Norton of Chicago the guest of honor at a pleasant informal tea yesterday afternoon, enjoyed by some fifty teachers and friends interested in education. The tea was given at the home of Miss Wheeler on West Fourth South street, which was prettily decorated with roses and greens. Receiving with Miss Wheeler and Mrs. Norton were Miss Newlin of Chicago and Miss Georgia Wheeler. Mrs. W. H. Farnsworth presided in the dining-room and was assisted by Mrs. Tempest, Mrs. Scofield, Mrs. Croxall and Miss Youngberg.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Robertson and Dr. A. A. Kerr takes place this evening at the First Presbyterian church. Mrs. Guy Eldridge of New York is in the city for a visit and is the guest at the Eldridge home, 216 East First South street.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Hanak, who have many friends here, arrived yesterday afternoon from their home in Omaha and will be at home for some time at the home of Mrs. Emma Hanak, 627 First street.

Mrs. John L. Bowman and two daughters, the Misses Hazel and Ruth, are pleasantly located for the summer months at Upper Falls, Provo canyon.

Clarence McFadden is home from Boston, where he has been attending the Boston University Law school for the past two years. After spending the summer here, he will resume his work at the law school in the fall.

Mrs. Walter C. Lewis of Butte is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. S. Walker, on South Main street.

Miss L. M. Quiltrough will pass the summer months in Oregon, and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Quiltrough, will do special work at the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Beesley and daughter, Mrs. Frank Harris, leave Salt Lake today for their Idaho ranch to spend the summer.

Mrs. L. L. Chester of this city, who has spent the past three weeks visiting in Kansas City and St. Louis, is now in Chicago.

Friends will recall with pleasure for many a year the reception given at the home of James W. Saville last evening in honor of the marriage of his daughter, Winifred, and Sylvester J. Cannon, which took place in the Temple at noon. Roses were used in the greatest profusion in the decorations of the home, green and white being the colors carried out in the parlor, red in the living room and hall and pink in the dining-room. Assisting the bride and groom receiving their friends were James Saville and Sidney G. Saville, father and brother of the bride. Mrs. John B. Sears and brother of the groom, Mrs. R. S. Wright presided in the dining-room and was assisted by the Misses Grace T. Elizabeth and Marie Cannon and Miss Charles Saville. Punch was served by the Misses Hattie Whitney and Retta Piper. Mr. and Mrs. Cannon, who are well and regularly known here, will be at home to their friends after July 1 at Cannon farm.

Mrs. Charles Wilkes and little daughter have gone to Logan, where they will be the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Styer for the summer.

The ladies of St. Mark's guild will give a social at Rowland Hall on Tuesday evening, June 21, between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock.

Mrs. Gleason and Miss Laura Crawford of Kayville are visiting Salt Lake friends for a few days.

Mrs. W. J. Buck and Miss May Bailey of Park City are visiting at the home of Mrs. L. S. Dean, 610 East Third South street.

On Saturday next, in the basement of Keith-O'Brien's store, the ladies of Liberty Park Methodist church will hold a cake sale.

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